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Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley, Editors.

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Original.

ADDRESS

Delivered before the New York State Universalist Sabbath School Association, at its late Annual Session in Watertown, N. Y.

BY REV. J. J. AUSTIN.

(PUBLISHED PER ORDER OF THE COUNCIL.)

[CONCLUDED]

Our third great point of duty is love for God. Self-love and social, are the same. But the great fact on which these loves do rest, is the transcendent goodness of God, in giving us something in ourselves and our neighbors to love. It was God who gave us our body, and our immortal self, the soul. The same rich blessing he has also conferred on our neighbor. Much as we love ourself and our neighbor, therefore, we should love their great Giver more. A natural basis is thus seen to exist, for our supreme love toward God. We may love ourself according to our highest ideal of possible perfection in man. We may love our neighbor as we love ourself. But God, who has given us something in ourselves to love, and given us capacity to love that something, highly, purely, dearly, is, himself, worthy of still higher, purer, dearer love, on the part of his spirit-child. But how shall that love be rendered? Christian brother, sister, how shall it *not* be rendered? How can you help loving one whose love for you is so boundless and overwhelming! Whose love is the very atmosphere in which you live! Fancy yourself without existence—is the act of creation nothing? or without the blessings of existence—is their gift nothing? or without the capability of continuing—is immortality nothing? and the highest bliss of the future life—is that of no worth? Oh, how blind, and stupid, and ungrateful, is untaught man! It seems surprising, not that we love our dearest friend, but that we do not love him more! Our mark is high, that we have set for our self-love and social; but our mark for the love of God is higher! Like the glimmering star, should be our love for self and brother man, in comparison with the sun-like freshness and fullness of our love for God!

Thus is it clearly seen that enlightened love, as the motive, will be, under all circumstances, an infallible guide to human duty. Whatever will tend to strengthen that motive in the child, is an essential part of the child's education in duty. The name of that duty, in detail, is "legion." It would not be possible for man to follow it out thus. The constant changing and interchanging of human affairs, are bringing up new occasions day by day. Only one rule is applicable to them all; and that is the one *theologico, religion* sets forth—or in other words, love, enlightened and directed by truth.

Thus have we dwelt, perhaps, longer than was needed upon the subject of human duty. We believe it to be one that is vitally important in the culture of youth. You may store the mind with the facts and laws of science

and letters; but if you stop there, you leave by far the greater half of the child's education out of the account. For this reason, we say, while you labor to improve the intellect, do not neglect to improve the heart—while you urge forward the former, do not keep back the latter—while you brush away the mists that the mind may see, you should also soften the heart that it may feel and love, and prompt to the performance of every duty; and next to the family influence, I now may say, the Sabbath School is the most effective instrumentality, for the practical heart-disciplining, life-lasting culture of youth. But we pass from this point by observing,

2. That in addition to physical, intellectual, and moral culture, the rising generations should be taught as to what they may and must *become*, or in other words, they should be thoroughly instructed as to the *destiny* of man on earth and in heaven, and this instruction is all the more necessary, for the reason that it will help the world onward toward the lofty spiritual eminence which the Gospel prophecy declares is yet in reserve for it.

But what shall we tell our children will be the destiny of man on earth? Let us reflect upon this point. When we turn our eye backward to pierce through the light of the past, we see that light getting fainter and fainter, until lost in the darkness of the earlier ages. If we stop to think over this great fact, we come at once to the stable conclusion, that the light of truth is progressive in its character—that the present age stands high above the ages that are gone—that as the boyhood of ignorance may become the manhood of the sage, so the infancy of the race is ripening into the age of knowledge and moral power. Here we see a gradual progress, from the very creation of man down to the present moment. Admitting this progress to continue—and who will deny it? we see at once its bearing upon the destiny of man on the earth. The light of science, morality, and religion, will grow among men, until the great bondage of moral corruption shall be broken—until man shall view in the face of man a brother—until the highest character to which man has ever attained, or is capable of attaining, shall become the character of the world.

But this same argument of progress, which is an argument of stubborn fact, is presented in another form. If we fix our mind upon the great basis of correct government among men—*equal rights for all*—and trace that basis back through the dim by-gone ages, we shall find it becoming less and less distinct, until utterly lost from our view in the absolute rule of the ancient patriarchs and chiefs. From that time, till now, the right of one man to rule his fellows has been questioned, with a deeper, and stronger, and louder pertinacity, until despotism has lost a portion of its regality, crumbling inch by inch away, and the beautiful fabric of our own republic—an example to the nations—has arisen before the astonished world. And what mean the internal, undercurrent, swaying and rocking of the social elements of modern Europe, except it be the progress of the leaven of truth and freedom among the mass? France, Italy, and many other States, are in commotion—arousing this moment the jealousy of princes, and the warm heart beating hope of every lover of equal freedom unto all. Our own nation is gaining a blessed experience, day by day, in its hitherto-successful experiment of self-government. And what does all this mean? It means, that in Europe the rumblings of a social earthquake are heard, which shall, in time, revolutionize the entire frame-work of the nations for good; and it means, that our own in-

stitutions shall become purer and better, until not a stain of deliberate wrong shall be found upon the lily-white fame of these United States. The hearts of the nations of this earth, are groaning and travailing in pain together. It is human nature to bear, without demanding redress, so long as the evils borne do not themselves burst open, and demand a cure. Whose theory is sufficiently impulsive, as to demand that a wasting arm be cut off, when the presence of the pain itself does not provoke its relief? The lancet is seldom applied, till the pain becomes intense. So in affairs of government. The neck of all nations, save our own, has long been under the heel of oppression. But the day of retribution is near! The people have the right to this beautiful green earth, and to life and liberty thereon! They will continue to demand it, with a louder and still louder emphasis, till they obtain it! The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of the Lord, and a pure, a christian republicanism, shall, in time, overspread the face of the earth. The gradual advance of correct government among men, then, is a conclusive proof of progression in the affairs of men—which progression points to a high, pure destiny for man on the earth.

And the same fact-argument is seen in the progress of the Church. Looking backward through the channel of its history, we see the circle of its light becoming smaller and smaller until nothing is seen nor heard but the thundering and lightning and voice, which announced to the world the great fact of the being of God. From that distant point, the progressive widening of the church had been going on, until the sun of Christianity arose to view—whose beams should penetrate the darkness of future ages, and light up the world at length with the glory of God. Even now, truer and better views are brought forth from the Gospel fund, than men ever dreamed of without its aid. God is more truly known, and his government more fully appreciated, and his will more nearly done by man, than even in the mistiness of the past. The spirit of the Lord is dissolving, in thin air, the sounding emptiness of the ages gone, and calling upon the world to work out its own salvation from sin. In obedience to that call, reform is abroad and busy, purifying, expanding, and elevating, the heart of the mighty Church. So stands the account just now. And what does it promise for the future? What, but the entire breaking down of all party walls in the church? the union of the whole in love? the diffusion of Christ's spirit throughout the brotherhood of the race? The progress we see in the church, then, is also proof of the high approaching destiny of man on the earth.

What we have now said brings to view the rational, the natural, and the historical facts of the past, and the present—with which our children should become well acquainted—bearing upon the destiny of man in time, and if our conclusions, thus far, be true, they will doubtless be sustained by the Bible itself. This God-given creed for man, is the ultimate tribunal by which we stand or fall. What is the Bible's testimony, then, upon this most interesting subject?

Does it not clearly foreshow, by the mouth of the prophets of God, that all the nations, families and kindreds of the earth shall be blessed? that the stone cut out by the hand of the Lord, shall become a great mountain and fill the whole earth? that the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven, shall enwrap the world in the spreading glory of God? that the leaven of the Gospel shall be diffused throughout the whole mass of men? that Christ must reign in his earthly kingdom, till every enemy shall be subdued in love? that the church and the world, shall grow in grace and knowledge, so long as this globe shall stand?—in short, that the great progress of which we have spoken, points, with an unmistakeable significance and precision, to the uprising of a future earth-based, Eden-home for man? Such indeed is the blessed truth. The Bible confirms our previous conclusion. It places a solid foundation-rock underneath our

hope. It illumines our faith, and gives it the certainty of knowledge. Hence may we rest with confidence upon the fact, that our race will rise higher and higher, in the scale which measures character, and will stop not short of the development of the highest capacity of man.

Let us glance, for once, at the standard to which coming generations, by diligent culture, may attain. Whatever is possible for one, you know, is certainly possible for all. Let your mind, then, rest upon one of the highest of our race—upon one of the wisest and the best—upon such a character as Adams, for example, the great and the good, for whom the bells of our nation have scarcely done sounding the solemn death peal, let your mind rest on him, that our standard of character may be clearly and definitely seen. Now, analyze that character and you find its chief elements to be wisdom and goodness. When he entered this world he was not unlike any other child. His wisdom was ignorance, and his goodness existed in the germ. But he was cared for, early and long, and deeply—placed under influences tending to bring out his mind and heart—and he made such use of his peculiar advantages, as to place him high among the greatest and the best of earth. He passed away from those less cared for, less diligent, and less favored than himself, and attained to an eminence which few before him had gained. But the point he won is the point attainable by universal man. Is it not so? Who shall set bounds to the progress, upon which we have entered? The goal is the same for all. Some, indeed, have outrun their slow-footed neighbors; but the rest are holding on their way. As with generations now gone, the present will give place to one wiser and better than this—that to one wiser and better still—and so shall the world be advanced, even higher than any which has yet appeared, save Christ, to the utmost limit of earthly perfection in man. Do you think the time far future? So indeed it may be, but come it will! Reason, experience, the Bible, all point with certainty to it. What are six thousand years in the world's life? and yet it has produced many such men as we have named, and their number is becoming hundreds, thousands, millions indeed! Man's destiny on the earth is fixed and certain. We are passing out from the midnight of the ages, and light from the approaching morning is seen on our highest landmarks; and when it shall burst in its flooding glory on the race—when the world shall ascend from its subterranean abode, to the highest level on which that world may stand—then shall the destiny of man on the earth be reached, and happiness universal, whose price is the highest attainable knowledge and holiness, shall be enthroned in the heart of humanity forever.

And what does that destiny imply? It implies the practical recognition of equal rights for all. It implies the substitution of eminent knowledge for the ignorance which now abounds. It implies the removal of vice, in its myriad forms, and the general prevalence of virtue. It implies the entire suppression of slavery, whether physical or spiritual, and the extension to every man, of the purest, broadest, noblest freedom. It implies that swords shall be turned into plow-shares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and the art of war be learned no more. It implies that poverty shall pinch not the poor to death, but enough of this world's goods shall be freely provided for all. Finally, it implies, not the new formation of this earth itself, nor the substitution of other conditions of happiness than we now have, nor the removal of natural death and the causes leading thereto; but it implies the progress of the whole race, by diligent spiritual culture, until they shall reach, and perhaps surpass, the high position attained by Melancthon, Oberlin, Fennelon, Washington, Adams, Channing, and a host beside, whose triumphant attainments prove what may be attained by the world. And you look at any one of these great men, and you find him to stand on a spiritual eminence, far above the stormy passion-conflicts of this lower life.

We might also mention woman, as destined to stand on an equal footing with man—as having already sent forward many of her sex, to explore the heights whose verdure and fruitage ripen in the noon-day sun—as being represented among the great ones of earth, by a Martineau, a More, a Bremer, an Edgworth, a Sedgwick, a Sherwood, a Hemans, a Landon, a Sigourney, a Scott and many more of our own time, whose spiritual loftiness proves the towering capacity of the female character. The artificial distinctions between man and woman which have existed, and do still pervade society, will in due time vanish from human sight. Their personal duties may be different; their social duties are the same. The law should recognize them equal in the world's sight, as they evidently are in the sight of God. Education should do for one what it would do for the other. Religion claims them each, as equally responsible before God; and we may rejoice in the fact, that as the high destiny of the race is being wrought out on the earth, the character of man and woman will ascend to the same level—each will bear an appropriate portion of life's burden—each will be a help-meet indeed for the other—the great inequalities of life will be done away—and the world-wide brotherhood and sisterhood, will be delivered from bondage of moral corruption, and be translated into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Thus, the lofty position to which the race of man may attain on this earth, by culture, becomes a motive-argument of irresistible power, in us of the present age, to carry forward this great work.

And what shall we tell our children will be the destiny of man beyond the present life? We must tell them the truth, of course. In the consideration of this part of our subject we are not permitted to take our stand in heaven itself, and turn our gaze backward and downward through the approaching progress of the race; but we must make this one of earth's ages our stand point, and judge from the past and the present, of the prospective future, and what do the past and the present teach us of that future? They teach us that the progress of the soul, once fairly entered upon, shall have no end. When we look at the elements of true progress, we find them to consist of wisdom and goodness—truth and love—and to have relation to the soul alone. What one of the race, then, is devoid of the spiritual nature, the image of God, the soul, and of the souls capacity to know truth, and to be good? If not one, then are all fitted, sooner or later, to enter on the progress we have named—to join the great procession of the race—to ascend the spiritual mountain, from whose top, Moses, the Prophets, the Apostles, and the great and good of earth, have joined the company of white-robed, palm-crowned, beatified immortals. Some, indeed, seem to tread the downward road for a season, but experience suggests the thought, that it is only for a season, when the erring and the sinful strike the foundation rock, and thence ascend the spiritual scale forever. What is our own experience upon this point? Have we not always found the path of sin thorny as the teeth of death? Is not the way of virtue delightful to the soul? Then who will deliberately choose the former, for time and eternity, knowing them both by experience? It will not do to say, that some must evidently do—it is not so—they only do it for the present, and that without knowing the blessed peace which virtue only can give! If not in the present life, they must from choice cease sinning in the life to come. And from that point, whenever that point shall be, each one of the race will commence the great progress of the soul, that shall carry it higher and higher in truth and love, and that shall never, never, never end!

The Bible is full and explicit upon this point. It has taken its stand in heaven, where we of earth have not; and whatever it says, comes to us with the weight of infinite authority, and if we lend a listening ear to its voice, we shall find that it fully confirms the conclusions we

have drawn. It speaks of the woes of sin. It speaks of the pleasures of holiness. It speaks of the infinite Father's love-fraught rule. It speaks of man as a child, dependent wholly upon God, and subject to his just and benevolent discipline. It speaks of the good result, wrought out by the chastisement of God—even the sinner's reformation. It also plainly declares, that all shall know the Lord, from the least even unto the greatest, whom to know is life eternal; that every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear, surely shall say, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength"; that Christ shall subdue all foes to the love and truth of heaven; that God shall reign triumphant in the souls of a purified world; and that the million-voiced heart of a heaven-crowned universe, shall thrill with the loftiest praise, of "blessing, and honor, and glory, and power," unto God and the Lamb forever!

But what shall be the high standard of spiritual attainment in heaven? Far above the greatest and the best of earth—equal unto the angels of God. Christ himself was made "a little lower than the angels;" yet how far inferior to Christ, are the highest of earth's great ones! The Bible makes our standard of character in heaven, "equal unto the angels," without telling us precisely the fulness and glory of that character. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, the truth and love and blessedness of the high angels of God, to whose standard of perfection we shall there attain. The progress on which we have entered stops not with the character of Channing, nor with the highest possible destiny of man in this earth-world; but it reaches onward still, till it passes beyond the limit of our present feeble conception, and is summed up in these words of celestial meaning, "Ye shall be as the angels are!" This same progress is doubtless possible with them; for the finite can never, by growing, become infinite; and the state of the angels, being less than infinite, must be one of growth, from the lower to the higher knowledge of holiness, which shall cease not during the wasteless ages of eternity!

The destiny of man on the earth, then, is glorious to behold; but the destiny of the soul in heaven is far more glorious still. The first is preparative to the last. The progress we make here—the progress our children make—will not be lost on our progress beyond this life. As the night of earth vanishes, the dawn of heaven appears. Christ came down as the Light, to direct the way of earth's groping millions. The bleary-eyed children of men are fixing their gaze upon him, one by one, generation after generation. The heart of humanity is laboring up into the sunny atmosphere of truth, purity, and freedom; and the destiny, the high, the glorious, the blissful destiny of man, of universal man, of the universe of spirits indeed, will redound to the highest, and purest, and never-ending glory of God!

Thus have we, brethren and friends,* as briefly as we could, indicated four prominent results, of a thorough culture of youth. The first is the full and healthful development of the physical frame; the second, is the high education of the intellectual powers; the third, is that love-fraught culture of the heart, which enthrones the sense of duty, and which sheds its blessed results all along the pathway of life; and the fourth has reference to the great ends of this pilgrimage, on earth and in heaven, which tend to keep the heart whole in its great life-work, and to meet the "King of terrors" with a smile of love. Perhaps I ought to beg pardon for keeping you here so long; and yet I feel that I have scarcely broken the turf on this vast subject, as I promised to do. I will add but a few words more.

The culture of coming generations, is, indeed, a momentous work. Each one's patriotic duty demands that his or her portion of this great work be done. He is a traitor to his country, who will not give her support—not by laboring with purse and person, to spread the army and strengthen the navy—not by building up battle-

ments around the nation, impervious to all save to heaven's Omnipotence—not by going in conquest, Alexander-like, over the neck of a prostrate world—but by working in the cause of knowledge and virtue for all. This is the surest support a nation can have. For the want of it, ancient republics and kingdoms have crumbled away, and now lie buried in dust. With it, our nation shall live, and grow purer and stronger, while the earth itself shall stand, and heaven in time, with its own freedom, all the nations of the earth. True patriotism, then, demands that schools for the intellect, and schools for the heart, be abundantly established and sustained, throughout the entire length and breadth of our land.

And higher still, than all—Christianity commands, with the word of authority—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"—thou shalt love his children as thine own—thou shalt love the children of the nation, of the world, as thou wouldst love an only child. Who is the man, rich or poor, that will not furnish for his child the best facilities possible for education? Christianity demands, that this shall be done for all. Will the Christian falter in his duty? He is, then, unfaithful to his Master! Christ took little children in his arms and blessed them; and we should do the same. Our children are, first, our own; second, the world's; and third, they belong to God. As our own, we are willing to bless them; as belonging to the world and to God, every thing sacred and true demands, that we do not withhold that blessing.

In conclusion, brethren, allow me to say, that, as a School for the heart of the rising world, the Sabbath School cause is one of the noblest enterprises of this enterprise-teeming age. Properly carried forward, it will disabuse and guard the young mind and heart from all ignorance, error and wrong—give a full preparation for the multiform duties of life, and open before the juvenile world the high approaching destiny of the race. And if what I have said be true, then is it certain that the personal, patriotic and christian duty of us all—which is clear as the sun in his noon-day chariot of fire—demands our ceaseless vigilance and watchful care over the high interests of Sabbath-School education.

Original.

PROFANITY.

BY M. MORTON.

BR. EDITORS—Is it not surprising that Christianity, or more properly, perhaps, and justly, many who profess the Christian name, should be held chargeable with a sin of no mean consequence, and from which, as respects its nature, even the most degraded Heathen, practically hold themselves, in comparison, at least, utterly exempt. I allude to that moral anomaly, associated quite too extensively with the habits and practices of Christian nations, of *irreverently* and *profanely*, using the name of the God they profess to worship; and to such an extent too, as to make it with very many individuals, a prominent part of their every-day, oral intercourse with this world around them.

Now I do not propose in this short article, to assume the responsibility of an attempt to expose all the inconsistencies, and attending evils upon this horribly degrading, both life and soul-debasing sin; but simply to make the inquiry, and if possible in so short a space, get at the reasons, or the cause why it pertains so almost exclusively to the Christian name.

We find as an existing fact among all heathen nations, not excepting the most unenlightened, a devoted reverence for, connected with an active, prevailing dread of, the justly provoked anger of their Deities. Fear with them, is the dominant motive to a life in accordance with the revealed will of the God's they worship. And it must be set down to their credit, as honest and sincere believers in the dogmas of their several systems, that it prevails with an effectively restraining power over the

actions, in respect to certain sins, when the inculcated fears, as well as every higher motive embraced in the appeals of the Christian system, has, to a large extent, at least, utterly failed. The blinded heathen, honestly believing that a profane and ribald use of the name of his Gods, would justly provoke their severe displeasure, and bring down upon his guilty head an adequate punishment, bridles his tongue; and when he speaks their name, bows himself even to the dust in obsequious reverence. But, on the contrary, the professing Christian, pretending to believe as fully in the heinous nature of the sin of profanity, as the heathen does; and even in a more severe punishment, if possible, as its just award at the hand of its offended God, is as free and profuse of his blasphemous oaths—of his profane associations of the holy name of God, of Christ, and Angels, as though the idea of the existence of God and Christ, and Angels, were in fact but the dream of a sleeper. Is there then more power for virtue and moral holiness in the dogmas of heathenism, than in the doctrines of Christianity? It must not, cannot be! And whence then comes it, is the inquiry; that such soul-debasing sins follow in the wake of Christianity, when heathenism remains unstained, in comparison, and untouched by their withering curse? Is not the solution of this important question readily found in the fact that Christianity, as a system of scholastic divinity, has become grossly corrupt,—that its popular teachings are inconsistent with the spirit of that Gospel, which presents the God of the Universe as the *Father* and *Friend* of our race;—as a being, by the power of whose *love*, every rational, intelligent creature, shall be brought into an assimilation with his own purity of spirit, as well as a practical development of the holy principles, and harmonious action of universal fraternity. The God of Christianity has been set before the minds of his creatures in such repulsive attitudes, so vengeful in his disposition, so un pitying in his chastisements, and in short so antagonistic to every exercise or volition of man's nature, that they have come to look upon themselves practically as martyr's to an irreversible decree, conceived in infinite cruelty ere themselves were ushered into being. There has not been as with heathenism, so just a graduation of punishment to the offence, in fact, to a large extent, all proper connexion between them as cause and effect, has virtually been lost sight of, and hatred and misery have become the general law of intelligent life. Or in other words, they are not miserable because they have transgressed any law of their nature, and thus become the voluntary agents of their own unhappiness; but they are miserable and sinful, because it is their nature absolutely to be so, and for which they are not, nor can be in any way responsible. And hence, while they profess to believe in the responsibilities imposed by the Christian system; it has become in theory, only as a sounding brass or tinkling cymbal in their mouths and ears, while it stands as a dead letter to their hearts. And we hear, as a legitimate consequence from multitudes who possess the name; the name of God and Christ, used with as little, yea less reverence or respect, than they would accord to their most vulgar, or degraded companions. They take it into their mouths, or but to give emphasis to their imprecations of evil, upon the heads of those who may have wronged them; to give point to a vulgar jest, or a higher sanction to their vain and foolish affirmations. Thoughtlessly, through the palsying influence of false teachings in religion, blaspheming the holy name of that being, who in mercy created them, and whose hand is constantly outspread, scattering blessings in their path, which they thus conspire to turn into the apples of Sodom to their souls.

But are there not some who receive, professedly, a purer faith; who reject the teachings of a corrupt theology; and while they profess to believe in God as a Father, and friend of man; are habituated to the practice of the sins of which I have here spoken? I must believe there are many such; even among Universalists, w

who of all people in the Christian world, should ever hold these habits of profaning the name of their Heavenly Father, in absolute abhorrence.

Brethren, what would you think of the child who would adopt the habit of associating the name of a kind father or mother, with instrumentalities of evil;—using them in thoughtless levity, as many use the name of God; even bandying them in sport, to make merriment for riotous companions? Would you not grow heart-sick, to witness such unnatural, unfeeling depravity; and turn away in loathing and disgust, or otherwise, in love, make an effort to reclaim such a wanderer back to the paths of filial duty and respect? And how much worse is that one in moral turpitude, of conduct; who ruthlessly profanes and blasphemes in thoughtless levity, the should-be-reverenced name of a spiritual Father in Heaven. Brethren, think of these things. And if we find that the evil of which I have spoken, has its origin where I have laid it, may our responsibilities appear in bolder relief, to put away the accursed thing from among us, as contrary to our faith, having no sympathy with it, and but as a serious obstacle, wherever it exists, to our advancement.

Ashfield, July, 1848.

Original.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. S. C. EDGARTON MAYO.

BY CLARK W. BRYAN.

Another light has faded from the sky
Of life; Earth has received again to her
Embrace, her own frail dust, and Heaven has
Opened now its golden gates, to welcome
In another angel-soul.

The Poet's

Harp to-day is mute with grief; its strings are
Loosened, and the breeze that passes by, sweeps
O'er them noiselessly, for one who knew their
Worth full well, and loved to mingle with their
Low-breathed music, her own rich spirit-voice,
Has tuned to them her last sweet earthly lay.

As an angel choir now is sounding forth, in
Songs of love, the deep and full-toned harmony
Of Heaven, and from their midst peals out the
Swelling notes of one who has just left her
All on earth, and joyfully put off her
Mortal robes, for those of a more glorious
Immortality, beyond the star gemmed
Sky, where life eternal in unfading
Glory shines, and bliss supreme, forever reigns.

It is not meet that friends should sorrow when
The Lamp of Life thus flickers calmly out;
And when bright angel-spirits stand enrobed
In light, at Heaven's door, to welcome home
The wearied pilgrim from life's toilsome way.

Her work is finished—her career is run,
And Heaven has claimed its own. A crown
Of glory binds her brow, and fadeless
Sunlight now illumines her home. Peace to her
Mouldering dust. May nature's wild-flowers
Bloom in sweetness o'er her lonely grave, and
Feathered songsters chant their matin songs,
Their noon-day melody, and evening hymns,
About her resting-place. May Memory
Build a fitting shrine to her departed worth,
And deathless love rear monuments within

The heart, that shall outlive the day of
Life.

To Earth the loss—to Heaven the gain.
New York, July, 1848.

Original.

VISIT TO BETHLEHEM, PA.

BY REV. J. GALLAGER.

After the Session of the Convention at Easton had closed, a company was collected, (most of whom were the friends with whom we had tarried,) for a ride back in the country. Reaching Allentown, we had an opportunity of viewing the ruins of the immense conflagration that had laid desolate a large portion of that beautiful town. But with a degree of enterprise highly commendable, the people were actively engaged in rebuilding, and in repairing their losses. From Allentown we returned by the Lehigh river to the beautiful and highly interesting Moravian Village. Bethlehem is on the Lehigh, about 12 miles from Easton. Here the traveller who would retire from the noise, wickedness and unnaturalness of a city life, can pass a few days pleasantly, and in the society of a people distinguished for their simplicity, their honesty and their means of enjoyment.

The country around here is rich, and highly cultivated. Some of the most beautiful farms in Pennsylvania are to be found in this neighborhood. While in the village there is every thing to remind you of happiness—of the true idea of social life. The false distinctions of society, the aristocracy of feeling and bearing in fashionable life, nor the great disparity of condition which is a curse to many parts of our country, have not yet reached the simple-hearted and honest Moravians of Bethlehem. They know nothing of Fourierism, and apparently are as ignorant of pining want and pinching poverty. All appear to be industrious, temperate, frugal and happy. A very large church edifice stands on a conspicuous spot in the village to which the inhabitants in the true spirit of a social happyfying religion, repair and worship God as the Father. And though principally Orthodox in their professed views of Theology, yet the dark features of their creed are almost wholly kept out of view, apparently forgotten, not believed in fact by numbers of them, as they freely admit to their communion, persons of all denominations.

I have been much interested in their views of death, their manner of burial, &c. Death to them is no evil, it is rather a God-send, the entrance to eternal bliss, and therefore they never mourn the loss of friends, except to give way to the natural feelings occasioned by a short separation. Nor do they wear any badge of grief, a custom which at least all Universalists might very appropriately adopt. In alluding to the departed, they use the beautiful expression "heim gehen," signifying that they have gone home. At certain seasons, the congregation repair to the grave-yard a sunrise, a service accompanied by music is celebrated expressive of the joyful hopes of immortality and resurrection, and a solemn commemoration of those who during the past year have departed this life for Heaven. On the death of a minister, a band with brass instruments, ascends the church tower, and plays several lively airs in token of the passing away of another spirit to Heavenly joy. Music, both vocal and instrumental occupies a conspicuous place in all their religious services, is cultivated in most of the families, and it is no uncommon thing to pass a house on a sabbath afternoon and hear the sound of the Piano or other instrument.

Upon entering their grave-yard I was forcibly struck with the beautiful simplicity, the lack of all ostentation, the inability to distinguish the graves of the rich from those of the poor. No proud monuments were there to be seen. The graves were all numbered, amounting to

near 1700. First came the men who had departed this life. Then the women, and the younger children formed the last range of graves, which instead of being of the disagreeable coffin-like shape, as our own, are more like square flower-beds, completely covered in many instances with myrtle, roses, or other delicate plants, as tokens of love. A square marble slab about 2 feet in width, with the simple name, age and time of death, with an occasional verse of poetry, is placed horizontally upon each grave, showing that death levels all distinctions. Here rich and poor, white, black and Indian, (many of the latter have been buried here,) lie side by side. Each person dying, is laid by the side of the last made grave, in regular order. And the whole yard planted with trees, fitted with seats, and decorated with flowers, presents a beautiful Christian simplicity, and hopeful spirit, that serves more than any thing I know of, to disrobe death of all her dark and forbidding features. The children play around these graves, and talk of death as being a pleasant thing. The improvements that are being made in the cheerful appearances of our burial places of the dead, is but coming up to the Moravian custom. They have for many years viewed death, as we now look upon it. And as we left the village, I inwardly ejaculated, happy Bethlehem, long may thy people be kept from the corrupting influences of the world, and the dark and chilling views of religion, which are so prevalent.

Newark, N. J.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

New-York :

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1848.

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DEATH OF MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

We announced last week, the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Mayo, wife of Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Gloucester, Mass. She died July 9th. The following letter from the afflicted husband, addressed to Br. Tompkins, gives nearly all the particulars which we have learned. We copy from the *Trumpet*:

TUESDAY MORNING.

MY DEAR ABEL.—Our Sarah left us for a better world Sabbath evening. On the Sabbath before, she went to Church with me and listened to my funeral discourse for Mr. Babson, and in a short week was herself translated to Heaven, for such a departure as hers cannot be called death.

She was unwell on Sunday from sickness of the stomach. Monday she was still unwell, and on Tuesday took her bed. The sickness continued to increase accompanied by vomiting of bile. On Monday night a physician was consulted, and from that time until the day of her death, every resource of medical skill was exerted to save her. We had two physicians from Gloucester, and Dr. Pierson, of Salem, but nothing produced the least effect: every thing was rejected which she took; and outward applications were as useless. The fatal symptoms steadily progressed till they resulted in the inflammation of the stomach, causing death. Her sufferings were great, but were relieved by ether, which prolonged her life a day or two. Her last half day was calm and beautiful beyond expression. Her friends were about her; and her pure spirit elevated us all above our grief.

I can write no more particulars. The disease is always a fatal one, though extremely rare. Her funeral is to-day at 4 o'clock. I am strong with strength from God.

Yours, in truth,

MAYO.

The death of Mrs. Mayo is a heavy affliction. To her devoted and promising husband, it is a loss which will throw a deep gloom over his fair prospects. Situated in the midst of a people who have ever been proverbial for kindness and attention to their minister, he found in his intelligent and amiable companion, one who truly sympathized with him in his wear-

ying toils, and faithfully co-operated with him in all the great duties of his ministry. She was beloved by all, and esteemed as a woman of true piety, superior talents, and high accomplishments. She was with him in his parochial visits, and in those happy social gatherings which do so much to bind a Pastor and people together. But alas! he is now alone! She whose presence enlivened his home, has suddenly departed, never more to return! How desolate must it now be! Early in life, and in about two years after their happy union, death has sundered the ties which made them one on earth! How mysterious are the ways of Providence!

The death of Mrs. Mayo is a great loss to our denomination. She commenced writing for our denominational papers when quite young, and her productions immediately attracted great attention. All accorded to her fine talents, and read with delight every thing from her pen. She contributed largely, not only for different weekly journals, but also for the *Ladies' Repository*, of which she was for a season, assistant editor. Her valuable productions enriched the pages of the *Miscellany and Quarterly*. She wrote several interesting juvenile works, and edited with fine taste and judgment, the *Poems of Mrs. Scott*, whose biography, from her pen, though brief, has been regarded as one of the most interesting ever written. Besides, she has edited the *Rose of Sharon*, from its commencement, and its wide circulation and great popularity are full proof of the talent and taste with which it was conducted. Her productions, prose and poetical, have been universally considered as among the most interesting of its many superior articles. Her death then, is a denominational loss, and one which will be deeply felt. She has done much for our literature, our religion, the improvement of our moral and religious feelings; and long will her memory be fondly cherished by our whole people.

As a friend, Mrs. Mayo was kind, sincere and obliging. All who knew her, loved her. Her attachments were strong; and with manners the most quiet, and without the least attempt to display her talents or acquirements, she immediately gained the warmest love, and the undivided confidence of all with whom she became acquainted. She was never even suspected of cherishing an envious feeling, or of being actuated by a vain pride and ambition. She was modest, unassuming, gentle and true-hearted.

As a Christian, Mrs. Mayo was an example to all. In faith in practice, in spirit, she was a disciple of Christ. Her whole influence was given for religion. In her productions she ably defended and beautifully illustrated its doctrines and precepts, and in her life she exhibited its kind and loving spirit. Though cheerful, she was never giddy; though frank, she was never rude; and though devout, she had no affectation or cant. It is seldom that we meet one in whom so many Christian virtues are united, and whose character is so perfect.

As a writer, Mrs. Mayo had but few equals. Her essays, her tales and her poems, are all written, in a chaste and elegant style, and are distinguished for brilliancy, strength and taste. Her later productions bear the marks of great care, and are among the most finished productions of our literature.

Within the past year, a brother of Mrs. Mayo departed this life, when about entering our ministry, with prospects of usefulness which but few young men have to encourage them. Devotedly attached to each other, and of the same faith, they were one in their tastes and feelings and aspirations. Alas! they are nearly one in death!

Thus one after another, our female writers pass away, and all whose death we lament, have fallen in early womanhood. Mrs. Scott, that sweet and pensive poetess, and whose soul was ever alive with the glorious faith which she cherished, has slept for years in the quiet spot which she selected for her

earthly remains. Mrs. Jerauld, whose vigorous mind and fine fancy, and lofty impulses, gave great power to her productions, sleeps in the lovely shades of Mount Auburn. And now Mrs. Mayo, the good and the gifted, is gone! O. A. S.

DEATH OF WILLIAM BABSON, ESQ.

I regret to learn by our papers of Massachusetts, the death of William Babson, Esq. He departed this life, June 29th, aged 69 years, at his residence in Gloucester, Mass. I am grieved to hear of an event so painful, and so distressing to an estimable family, to an excellent religious society, and a large circle of devoted friends. I have known Mr. Babson for many years; on some of my visits to Gloucester, his house was my home. He was an honest man, a faithful friend, an exemplary Christian, a devoted husband, and an affectionate father. How I should miss him were I to visit the ancient town in which he lived. Great have been the changes there within a few years. The last time I was in the place, Father Pierce, the companion and friend of Murray, was alive, and Father Jones, the successor of Murray. They were feeble, it is true, and daily expecting their release from their prison of clay, and now their friend Babson has followed! And thus we go, one after another, from this world, to one where changes are never experienced. The following obituary of Mr. Babson, appeared in a Gloucester paper:—

The death of a man so well known and esteemed in our community as Mr. William Babson, demands something more than the brief space usually allotted to such events in the columns of our paper. It is a general bereavement and therefore we feel called to write a few words which shall give expression to the regard for the man, even if they fail to do justice to his character.

Mr. Babson was born in our town and has always lived among us. Until the last years of his life, he engaged in active business. Consequently his history has been marked by few striking incidents. The usual measure of domestic trial has been meted out to him with perhaps more than the ordinary quantity of domestic happiness. As a man of business the general voice of our community bears witness to his honesty, as a citizen deeply interested in every thing concerning the welfare of his native town—an interest extending to the very close of his life—the universally expressed sympathy at his death declares his great worth. The loss of such men cannot be reckoned. Although they may not be actively engaged in business or public employment, yet their presence in a community gives it character and tone. Nothing so restrains the young men of any society from hazardous and reckless commercial operations tending to peril the welfare of themselves, their families and friends, as the advice of retired men of high character and good abilities. Their very appearance as they are seen about our streets is also a daily rebuke against public immorality. It is only when they are gone, and those who were accustomed to lean upon them, are thrown back upon themselves for advice, that we can know how great is the vacancy made by their departure. Such a man was the deceased. With him has departed a lover of good order, a pillar of public virtue, a bright example of an humble Christian life.

But while we lament the loss of such a member of our community, we cannot overlook the affliction into which more limited circles are thrown by his departure. The religious society of which he was so long a prominent supporter has parted with one of its most worthy men. It will be long before it will find another so devoted to its prosperity. And to the religious community his loss is a great dispensation. He was a true Christian, a man of the kindest sympathies to men of all religious opinions. His friends, equally dear, were people of all sects, drawn around him by his attachment for their Christian characters. The death of a good man is always an afflictive event to the cause of Christianity. Especially do we rejoice at the Christian spirit pervading the friends of religion among us which shows itself in the general appreciation of such a character as his who has now gone to his heavenly reward.

We cannot close this imperfect notice without an expression of sympathy to the family and intimate friends of the deceased. He was a man of true social feelings. His heart was always open to those about him. His house was always made cheerful by the voices of his numerous acquaintance. Those alone among us who have been blessed with his friendship for a long

series of years, can understand the trial of his family who have been called to part with the best of husbands, the kindest of fathers, the most devoted of brothers. We commend them to Him who alone can give consolation under an event so painful. May this dispensation be sanctified to our community, and may it be seen that virtue is not dying out with our fathers, but remains with their memories to strengthen us all for the duties of life and to prepare us for the summons of death.

The Trumpet of the 15th inst., says, a funeral discourse was preached, on Sunday last, at the Universalist Meeting-House, by Rev. A. D. Mayo, the pastor, from Job i. 21, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." The Unitarian Society and their pastor united with the Universalist congregation as a deserved tribute to the worth of the deceased. O. A. S.

PROOF OF ENDLESS MISERY.

We wish some of our Limitarian editors or ministers, would give us their strongest proof-text of endless punishment. But in doing this, we would like to have them give their reasons for supposing it to teach endless misery. We should be obliged to them also, if they would give us their theory respecting endless misery. We desire to know,—1. Whether God in the beginning reprobated some to endless misery. Or, 2. Whether they believe that endless misery is a punishment for the sins of this world. Or, 3. Whether they believe that men will be punished endlessly, because they will sin endlessly. A text that might be used to support the last theory, would be wholly inapplicable to the others. And so a text thought to favor the second, would give no support to the first or third. If for instance, the text adduced were the language of Paul, "Hath not the potter power over the clay?" &c., it could not be used to prove that man deserved endless misery, that he had committed an infinite sin, for it speaks of the sovereign will of God which leads him to make men for such an end as he pleases. If the text were, "God is a just God, and a Savior, and will by no means clear the guilty," then it would disprove Calvinism, and rest the punishment, not on a decree passed for God's pleasure and glory, but on desert. Come, gentlemen, which is your strong text? and which your theory? Will the Observer answer? O. A. S.

ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

How great the change in the public mind, in regard to this doctrine, within a hundred years. A hundred years since, it was generally believed, that hell was a place of literal fire, to which men were doomed by an arbitrary decree. Now none believe in such a hell. Our divines have put out all material fires, and killed all material worms. It is now said there is no hell but a hell of conscience. But this is not all the change. Some go so far as to say sinners will not be endlessly punished for the transgressions of this world; but that endless punishment treads upon the heels of endless transgression. This idea does away with the infinity of sin, with the necessity of an infinite atonement, and takes out of the hands of our opposers all their proof texts of endless woe. Those texts threaten only a deserved punishment; and not a punishment to be deserved, and therefore if endless punishment is not deserved, they cannot threaten it. Go on, gentlemen. Every change you make is towards Universalism, and shows how difficult you find it to satisfy yourselves with endless misery in any form. O. A. S.

A NEW PREACHER.

Br. Henry A. Eaton, a brother of E. A. Eaton, has entered our ministry, and located in Hanson, Mass. He is said to be a young man of great excellency of character, and of much promise.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM BR. BALCH.

No. VI.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, }
June 2, 1848.

BR. EDITORS:—My last was hastily concluded at Dumbarton, with a bare hint at some of the places I had visited. The weather having been dull we did not see all we anticipated on Loch Lomond, or rather, we were prevented from ascending Ben Lomond, the great glory of Scottish mountain scenery. The prospect being dubious, we changed our course, and, after a pleasant sail on the Lake, and a fine view of the scenery, some of which is remarkably grand and imposing, especially that at the upper end, having seen Rob Roy's cave, and the parish Church, dug out of the rock, we went on shore and took an omnibus for Dumbarton. The scenery along the "Leven Water," celebrated in song, is very beautiful. We passed Renton, the birth place of Sommett, the historian. A pretty monument has been reared to his memory. Dumbarton is a dull old town, with a principal street and several narrow lanes. The only object of curiosity here is the Castle, which, by the way, is not a castle, but a modern fort, built upon a most singular rock, which rises almost perpendicularly out of the level point of land, where the Leven enters the Clyde. It is surrounded on two sides by water, and may be a half a mile or more in circumference at the base, rising to the height of near 400 feet. The top is divided by a deep fissure, the west point rising considerably higher than the eastern. A flag-staff stands upon the former and the magazine upon the latter. This castle has been an object of great interest for many centuries. It was known as a fortification by the Romans, and has been the scene of many bloody conflicts. Wallace and Bruce made this a stronghold of their power, and the broadsword of the former, all rusty, is shown as a relic of much importance. It is what is called a "two handed" sword, and was originally a formidable weapon. Some nine inches, it is said, has been broken off, but it is still long enough to stab through four men at once. A thousand stand of arms are stored in the armory ready for use when required. The view from the summit is very fine. The Leven sweeps round its northern and western base, and meets the Clyde, which flows along the South. A broad expanse of country is overlooked, extending from the Low Countries about Ayr, to the Highlands of the North, and from the mouth of the Clyde far inland to the East. This castle was, for more than a thousand years, the main guard-house of the South-western entrance into the country of the Caledonians, and was long held by the McGreggor's, or Clan Alpines, the most powerful Clan in Scotland. It is a most interesting and romantic spot.

We left Dumbarton, at 8, for Glasgow. I should remark that on Loch Lomond, we fell in with two young gentlemen and their sister, from New Castle, upon the Tyne, who were our companions for some days, and to whom we became much attached; for nothing makes quicker and more intimate friends than traveling in company, looking upon the same objects and admiring the same scenes. Besides, they were temperance folks, and of the middling-interest class, so that we sympathized at once, and deeply.

The sail up the Clyde is very pretty. It might have seemed more interesting, had it not been so often and so extravagantly praised to us. It is much like a sail from Amboy to New York, in a low tide, except there is nothing of the thrift and neatness on shore, which is seen all along the Raritan. The tide was out, which here rises about 25 feet, and the north shore was all bare. A pier has been built, at a vast expense,

nearly all the way from Greenock to Glasgow, which has served to deepen the channel, so that all vessels now go up to the latter place, instead of stopping, as formerly, at Greenock, or Port Glasgow, near by. The consequence has been that Glasgow has rapidly grown into consequence, while the others are considered of little account.

These British steamers are most bungling and uncomfortable things compared with our American boats. Their hulls are generally built of iron, and are fine models. But they are forever painted black, and have no saloon, nor hurricane, or promenade deck. They are merely boats with a main deck and cabins below. The pilot stands aft, as in a ship, at the wheel, the Captain on the wheel-house, the Engineer below, and a man on a platform over the engine to serve as a speaking trumpet or acoustic tube, a man technically for a "bell and wire" to communicate from the Captain to the Engineer. The Captain bawls out, "stop her," and this medium man repeats, looking down, "stop her,"—"start her,"—"start her"—"half speed,"—"half speed"—"back her,"—"back her"—"reverse,"—"reverse"—"let her go,"—"let her go." A few boats have brought the wheel up to the engine, and I saw one or two which adopted a mode of communication between the pilot and engineer. But nothing like a wheelhouse is any where to be seen. The comfort and convenience of the working-men is very little cared for in this land of grades and distinctions. One of our North River Steamers would be a greater wonder here than the Chinese Junk was with us. I think some yankee might make an excellent speculation by taking one out on exhibition, especially if a fast one.

Glasgow is a large, and in some respects, a handsome city. Much of it looks modern, except the soft sand-stone soon becomes very black and dingy. It has much of the activity, stir and bustle of an American town. It employs an immense commerce, much of which is connected with our country, and is also the centre of a large manufacturing district. To us, the most attracting parts, were the Necropolis, which is a very romantic spot; the old High Church, formerly the Cathedral, a massive building, erected in the twelfth century; its Poor-house, and the Crescents. The Necropolis is entered over a high arched bridge, called after that in Venice, the "Bridge of Sighs." The grounds are spread over the crown, and sweep around the sides of a high hill. On the highest point stands a lofty column, with the statue of Knox upon the top, inscribed to the memory of the reformers and martyrs of the Church of Scotland. The ground interested me very much. It contains some very pretty and elegant monuments. It is Mt. Auburn, on a small, compact scale, but has nothing of the divineness and soft beauty of Greenwood. What most interested me was the "Jews Corner." It is a little patch, less than two rods square, down at the very bottom of a deep ravine, close under the brow of the hill, upon which the Necropolis is situated. On one side flows a little dirty, turbid burn, or creek. On the other side a steep barrier of high, dark rocks, and beyond the entrance is a high wall, and one in front except the gate. It is the most solitary, gloomy place I ever looked on. This was given, by the proprietors of the grounds to the Jews, and is the first spot on which they had a right to bury in Scotland. Upon a stone in the front wall are engraved a beautiful and pathetic passage from Byron.

There are also verses on the iron gate, and some appropriate passages of Scripture beside it. Strange and solemn reflections passed through my soul as I gazed upon that lonely spot, and thought of the poor outcast of Israel, who should bring his friend—a father, perhaps a mother, or a babe, lay the cold form down in this dark vale to sleep, so far away from the land of his fathers, to which he yet looks for his future inheritance and joy.

The High Church is a splendid old structure, the grandest I have yet seen. It is some 320 feet long, and 75 feet wide. The nave, which is studded with massive columns, is, at present, undergoing repairs, as are also some other parts. The nave, in fact is no longer used. A partition extending across the building, near the old transepts, and what was the Choir, is the only place of meeting. The time was, after the reformation, that three meetings were held in the building, at the same time, one in the nave, or main body of the building, one in the choir, the part now used, and one in the crypt below, at present unoccupied. The columns which are a composition of small-ones, are 27 feet in circumference and about 50 feet in height. The style, like all churches of that age, is Gothic. Many relics are shown as connected with some circumstance of royalty or nobility, or with the name of John Knox, the great theological patron of this land.

The Poor House is an immense establishment, said to be equal to any in Britain. We went through it. It is a magnificent affair, and well managed for the comfort of the inmates. Most of the 830 now in it, are either very old and infirm or idiotic. Our conductor assured us that nearly one third were of the latter class. Their appearance indicated the correctness of his remark. It was a sad sight to see such a multitude of human beings reduced to such a condition of dependence upon public charity; yet this feeling was mingled with the comfortable reflection that there were fond hearts to commiserate and hands to relieve their wants. And we blessed God for what influence Christianity has exerted over the hearts and conduct of men. With this establishment is connected the care of the "out-door poor," hundreds of whom were collected in front of the building to receive their alms. Men, women, and children of all ages were there, some in rags, some with pale, others with bloated, faces, cripples, diseased persons, a motly concourse, waiting their turn to enter and receive the pittance dealt out to them. The arrangements are very good. Application is made by the poor for aid. Their names and places of residence are handed to a committee in the parish where they live, who examine and report to the general committee. The applicant is admitted, his case considered and relieved, or he is dismissed, passing, in either case, out by a door different from the one he entered. Some get money, some clothes, some food, &c., &c. The most helpless, who cannot take care of themselves without aid are taken into the house. Last year £60,000 (near 300,000) were disbursed in in this establishment.

There are many buildings in Glasgow which are very fine indeed. Its churches, public offices and the new private dwellings, are very substantial and built with great respect to architectural taste. But it is impossible to keep any thing like a fresh look upon this soft light sandstone in such a smoky place as this. There are several fine monuments in the city. The statue to Holt, the improver of the steam engine, a native of Greenock. Sir Walter Scott standing on a high column, in the center of the square, one to Sir John Moore, with his "martial cloak around him." He was a native of this city. Near the exchange is a fine equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington in bronze. The Duke is mounted on a fine charger, supported by a pedestal, with elaborately finished alto-relievos, on each side, representing four prominent events in his life—a plough boy—return to his parents as a common soldier—an officer giving command in a battle, and last of all, and grandest, the battle of Waterloo.

There are many other curiosities in and about Glasgow which I have marked in my notes, but cannot write out. I should add that there is not wanting here a superabundant population, nor the odious proofs of immorality, dissoluteness, and crime. A very strong feeling of hostility to the Gov-

ernment of England pervades a large portion of the community—not in all, to the same extent. But, about the street we saw handbills posted up condemning, in no measured terms, the acts of Government in the case of Mitchell, and in many other respects, the calls for meetings expressing their determination to agitate, till liberty was gained for the people, and their interests properly regarded. But there seems to be no distinct object set up, nor any digested plan of operation. I look upon all this as a mere ebullition of a discontented and crushed people, who have some indistinct notions of an improved state of things, but no definable ideas of what is required, nor of the method by which it is to be gained. But I leave shortly for Ayr.

Farewell,

W. S. B.

REFORMERS.

Some men who claim to be *Reformers*, devote a great deal of their time to the work of proving that the Bible is no more an inspired book, than are the works of any good philanthropic writer. They eulogize nature, deify reason, and exalt intuition into a God; but they will not allow that Jesus was a man approved of God by miracles, or that the Bible contains a special revelation. Such men may talk wisely about peace and freedom and temperance, and say many things that are true and good; but we have yet to learn that in judicious and devoted labor for any true reform, they are in advance of the friends of the Bible. We do not believe the Bible so polluted, that it must be repudiated before we can have a broad philanthropy or a self-sacrificing benevolence. Neither do we believe divine authority so deadening in its influence, as to think it must be discarded in order to serve humanity. Though we believe that no man is perfect, we are firm in the belief that Jesus had the spirit of God without measure, and that he gave to the world a perfect religion. Conceited men, who are blinded by a false philosophy, may talk of greater Christ's to come; but in doing this, they show how poorly they have studied, and how imperfectly they appreciate the Christ of the Gospels.

O. A. S.

BLEECKER STREET SABBATH SCHOOL EXCURSION.

The S. School connected with the Bleecker-st Church made an Excursion to Biddle's Grove on Wednesday of last week. The day was very favorable, and every thing passed off in a most pleasant manner. The School made an admirable appearance. After dinner, the School and friends were assembled for religious exercises. These were opened by singing, after which a prayer was offered by Br. O. A. Skinner. Then followed another hymn by the children. A piece, highly appropriate was beautifully spoken, by one of the female scholars. Its effect was excellent. Br. Amler then read an excellent letter from Br. Balch. By a vote of the children it was given into the hands of Br. Skinner for publication. It will be found on another page. There were then read several essays, written by some of the children of the School. These were all good. They were termed prize essays, and a gold medal was given for the best. The essays added very much to the interest of the occasion. Many tender and kind allusions were made to Br. Balch.

RESIGNATIONS.

Rev. J. Prince has resigned the pastoral charge of the Society in South Danvers, Mass.

Rev. B. H. Clark has resigned his charge of the Society in Annisquam, a parish in Gloucester, Mass.

Rev. Eben Francis has resigned his charge of the Society in Chelsea, Mass. Br. F. leaves in consequence of ill health. His ministry has been successful, and he has the affection and esteem of all his people.

INSTALLATION OF BR. J. O. SKINNER.

The following, which we condense from the Watchman, is from the pen of Br. J. O. Skinner:

Br. BALLOU.—My Installation took place on Thursday last agreeable to previous notice. We had a fine day for our meeting though it was quite warm and sultry. The public services were deeply interesting, and were listened to throughout by a large and attentive audience. In the morning a sermon was preached by Br. L. B. Mason, of Lebanon, N. H. In the afternoon the services were conducted in the following order, viz:

Reading of the Scriptures and introductory prayer by Br. D. Forbes. Sermon by Br. W. S. Ballou, from 1 Tim. i 7, first clause. Installing prayer by Br. W. Skinner. Delivery of Scriptures and charge by Br. S. C. Loveland. Right hand of Fellowship by Br. C. Woodhouse. Address to the Society by Br. W. Skinner. Ordination anthem from the Gospel Harmonist. Benediction.

On the whole we had a very profitable meeting and I fondly trust that it will be followed by salutary and happy influences on the Society with which my connection has been thus publicly and solemnly recognized, and on the cause of our divine Master in this place. In haste, yours truly.

THE MAINE CONVENTION.

By the Gospel Banner, we learn that the Maine Convention of Universalists, at its recent session, adopted the following Resolutions in favor of the College. They were offered by Br. C. Gardner:—

Whereas, An effort is now being made to establish a College in connection with the religious denomination to which we belong, therefore.

Resolved, That we feel a deep interest in the present movement, and will cheerfully co operate with those engaged in it, for the accomplishment of the object at which they aim.

Resolved, That we have entire confidence in the judgment of the Committee, under whose direction the movement is now going on, and will leave with them the decision of all preliminary questions connected with the undertaking.

Resolved, That we hail with pleasure the present indications of success, in reference to the immediate establishment of the proposed institution, and feel sure that the Universalists of Maine will not be backward in their efforts in carrying it forward, by liberal contributions, to a successful issue.

Resolved, That in this undertaking, the Universalists of the United States are all equally interested, and should therefore cheerfully and cordially unite their efforts in its consummation.

The Committee on Fellowship reported in favor of granting license to J. C. Pattee and renewal of license to H. P. Osgood.

CIRCULATE BOOKS.

The following extract of a letter, which we copy from the Christian Register, was written by Rev. A. H. Conant, of Geneva Illinois. The extract explains itself.

* * * * * Having received a pressing invitation to attend the annual meeting of the Cole Creek Christian Conference, I made arrangements for the journey, and very fortunately, or, may I not rather say providentially, just as I was about leaving home, Bro. J. Caldwell of Kensington, Mass., came along and offered to remain and preach for me during my absence. I prepared myself for the journey by taking with me twenty-five copies of Dewey's Sermons on Life, eight copies of Dr. Channing's Works, Mrs. Dana's Letters, Peabody's Lectures, &c., in all ninety-two vols. of Books, and three hundred Tracts.

This is the right way to advance the cause of Liberal Christianity; this is an example worthy of Universalist Ministers

NORWICH, CONN.

Subscribers in Norwich will hereafter find their papers at Mr. G. A. Pratt's Store, corner Bath and Franklin-sts. Subscriptions may be paid to Rev. L. C. Brown, who is authorized to receipt for the same.

A BAPTIST SLANDER.

We copy the following from the editorial page of the "Reflector and Watchman," a Baptist paper published in the city of Boston. We had hoped from the character and standing of its editors, that this paper would be above the pitiful business of retailing scandal and falsehood, after the fashion of writers and preachers, of the Knapp, McClure and Smith School; but we confess that we have been grievously disappointed in our expectations. Judging from the following specimen, it would appear that they can do a mean and dirty thing, with as much facility as the most reckless and unprincipled of opposers of Universalism.

KNOWN BY THEIR FRUITS.—"I called upon a pious physician," writes an Alabama colporteur, "and while they were examining my books, a notorious Universalist came in, and began his abuse of the gospel and of Christians. I tried to reason with him, but nothing except a refusal to remain in his society stopped his profaneness and vituperation. A religious meeting was about to be held in the neighborhood, and he expressed the wish that every preacher coming to it might be struck with lightning! His bitter opposition to Christianity, it is alleged, has been the exciting cause of sending his daughter to the Insane Hospital."

No doubt, statements like this, will answer the intended purpose of deepening and strengthening the prejudice which bigoted minds indulge towards Universalists; but we can assure our Baptist friends, that the day has gone by, when such weapons as this, will be found serviceable to any considerable degree, either in assailing what they call heresy, or defending their orthodoxy. It would be an insult to their intelligence to suppose that they believe that the conduct of the man spoken of in the above paragraph, is the legitimate fruit of Universalism. They, and the whole community, know better than this. The implied charge, that Universalism leads men to "abuse the gospel and abuse Christians," "to profaneness and vituperation," &c. &c., is too stupidly absurd to merit a reply, and cannot injure any but the authors of the calumny. That orthodox colporteur ought to be ashamed to write such wicked nonsense, and we think that any but the most grace-hardened bigots, would be ashamed to publish it.

S. C. B.

INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

By the politeness of the Superintendent of this institution, we have been furnished with a copy of the twelfth annual report of the managers, to the Legislature at their last session. The report embodies many facts and suggestions of deep interest to all the friends of this branch of public charity.

We learn from the report, that the Institution contains one hundred and thirty-four inmates. Of these one hundred and four are beneficiaries of the State of New York, and six of the State of New Jersey, nineteen are graduated pupils who support themselves by various employments in connexion with the Institution, and five are pay pupils. It is supported mainly by regular appropriations made by the State, and at the present time, in a very flourishing condition.

Pupils are received as beneficiaries of the State of New York, by appointment of Superintendent of Common Schools, based upon a certificate, from the overseers of the poor of the town where the pupils reside, to the effect that the applicant is of good moral character, without any other disease than that of the eyes, permanently blind, and without means of payment. Applicants for admission from New York or New Jersey must be between the ages of 8 and 25 years.

Pay pupils may be received younger or older by consent of the Board of Managers.

COPPER MINE.—A valuable copper mine has recently been discovered in Carlisle, Mass. Several hundred pounds have been raised to the surface, some of it in lumps of great purity

TROY, N. Y.

The following letter from Br. Waggoner, will be read with interest. We congratulate our friends in Troy, on their success:—

Troy, Saturday, July 15, 1848.

BR. BULKELEY.—I have but just returned from my journey North and have barely time to write you a word or two. I have the gratification of saying that the social adjustment of our mortgaged affairs has at length taken place, and our friends truly feel like thanking God and taking courage. This they will no doubt at once do—perhaps I shall preach a sermon on the subject. All breathe easier, and we think the future prosperity of our cause in this city is now more deeply provided for. Great credit is due to our Board of Trustees, and to those faithful souls, who so nobly breasted the work and faltered not, till the object desired was accomplished.— They shall have their reward.

I am at liberty to inform you that Br. Joseph Baker, of Madrid St. Lawrence Co., has received and accepted an invitation to settle with the society at Glens Falls, and that he will remove there soon.

Br. E. W. Reynolds, who has supplied for me for three Sundays past, left here this morning to supply a short time at Glens Falls—perhaps till Br. B. removes there. Br. Reynolds is at present destitute of a location, but he intends to settle again ere long. I believe he is at liberty to receive any considerations which destitute preachers may wish to present him. He supplied for me to excellent acceptance.

Truly yours, W. H. WAGGONER.

THE CULTIVATOR.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to say, that the omission to give proper credit for the articles copied from the Cultivator, was purely an oversight, which we exceedingly regret. The limited space which we can devote to the subject, enables us to give but a tithe of the many valuable articles that are to be found in that and similar works. We should rejoice if the specimens which we give, from time to time, would induce our agricultural friends to do themselves and the Publishers the justice to subscribe for that excellent publication. It is published monthly, at Albany. Price \$1.00 a year.

NEW JERSEY STATE CONVENTION.

The New Jersey Convention of Universalists will hold its annual Session at Hightstown, on the 3d Wednesday and following Thursday, 19th and 20th of July. The Steamboat Philadelphia will leave the foot of Barclay-st. on Tuesday, 18th, stopping at Washington, where carriages will be in readiness to convey those who may go to Hightstown. It is to be hoped many of the friends in New York will favor us with their company on that occasion.

JAMES GALLAGER, *Standing Clerk.*

NORTH BRANCH ASSOCIATION.

A conference of the North Branch Association of Universalists will be held at Columbia Flats, the last Saturday and Sunday in July.

H. E. WHITING, *Standing Clerk.*

Rev. Chandler Robbins, Unitarian Clergyman of Boston, has resigned his charge, and his church is to be sold. He is an excellent man and preacher, but his Society is crushed by heavy debt. It built a church far too expensive for its means. It is one of the oldest Societies of Boston, and was formerly under the charge of Rev. H. War

BR. PINGREE'S HEALTH.

The Star, of last week, contains a very interesting letter from Br. P. His health is improving, and he hopes that he may again be able to preach. We intend to publish the letter next week.

SODA AND BEER FOUNTAINS.

Fountains of superior Soda and Beer may be found at 130 Fulton-st., at the Store of Br. Price; at 181 Grand-st., at the Store of Dr. Ivans; and at 43 Bowery and 486 Grand st., at the Stores of Mr. Curtiss. Root Beer and pure Soda are refreshing drinks, during the hot season.

THE STEAMBOAT VANDERBILT.

This boat is daily increasing in favor with the public. Its speed, its strength, its fine accommodations, make it deservedly popular. It leaves three times a week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, for Boston.

Rev. Mr. Peabody, a Unitarian Minister, died suddenly, a short time since, at his residence in Burlington, Vt. His twin brother died a few months ago in Springfield, where he had been settled for many years.

New Publications.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, No. 148, July, 1848. Crosby & Nichols.—We always read the Examiner with no ordinary pleasure and profit. Its articles are written in a style of great elegance, and are not excelled in learning and ability by articles of any other Review. The present No. contains the Dudley Lecture by Rev. Dr. Gilman, of S. C., which is a production of great merit, and well adapted to the times. We have been much pleased with a review of Peter Schlemihl, in America. It is written with a sharp pen. We give one of its keen hits. It says on p. 9, "As Orthodoxy and Unitarianism both turn out deists occasionally, which workshop produces the best article?" Art. VII. is Dr. Dewey's Address delivered before the American Unitarian Association. It is characterized by boldness and strength, and the hopeful views it expresses in regard to the progress of Unitarianism. "The present condition of Ireland" is an admirable article from the pen of Rev. H. Giles. Though the Examiner is devoted to the interests of Unitarians, it is a work which is doing much for the general advancement of Liberal Christianity. Francis & Co., Broadway, New York, are agents for this city.

THE DYING ROBIN AND OTHER TALES.—This is a juvenile work from the pen of Rev. Joseph Allen, D. D. The Tales are brief, and written in a very simple and interesting style. We have not read the work entirely through; but from a glance at its different tales, and a perusal of several of them, we judge it to be free from false doctrines. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—This popular Magazine for July has been received. It contains a great number of very able and interesting articles. The Editor's Table is always rich and entertaining. It is published by John Allen, 139 Nassau-street.

CHALMER'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS, Vol. 3.—The third vol. of Chalmer's Scripture Readings has been received. We like it much. Its style is more easy and pure than that of his Sermons. It is an admirable work, and will be found very valuable to all lovers of the Bible. It is full of useful reflections. Harper & Brothers, publishers.

LECTURES ON SHAKSPEARE—Baker and Scribner, 36 Park Row, and 145 Nassau-Street, have published in two elegantly printed volumes; the Lectures of H. N. Hudson, Esq., on Shakspeare. These Lectures were delivered to large audiences in all the principal cities of the Union, and were universally regarded as among the ablest Lectures ever delivered in this country. The author has studied the master of poets with great fidelity, and in his work he has presented his merits with singular ability. Mr. Hudson is a man of strong mind. He writes with great force, clearness and beauty, and his Lectures are the best specimens of the nervous, sententious style of writing, which our country can boast. Every sentence from his pen is finished and full of power. He has no tinsel ornaments, no gewgaw imagery. He is a writer whom young men would do well to study. All who have any love for a poet who has done more than any other man to delineate human nature, should read the Lectures of Mr. Hudson.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The August No. of this popular monthly has been received. It contains three engravings, and a good variety of excellent articles. It is published at 95 Chestnut-st. Philadelphia, and at Graham's in the Tribune Building, N. Y.

THE ODD-FELLOW'S LITERARY MAGAZINE.—We have received the first No. of this Magazine, which is a continuation of the "Gavel," recently published at Hudson, N. Y. Although devoted, as its title indicates, to the cause of Odd Fellowship, it contains a good portion of miscellaneous matter, including tales and sketches from the pens of several of the ablest writers in this country. The Magazine is under the editorial charge of WILLIAM K. COLE, a young man of fine attainments, assisted by the late editors of the Gavel, Messrs. JAMES BACHELLOR, of Hudson, and CLARK W. BRYAN, of this city. The number before us contains a beautiful mezzotint engraving, by Sade—a Portrait of the present Acting Grand Master of this State, Daniel P. Barnard, Esq., of this city. Several other portraits of eminent men of the Order, are now in the hands of the engraver, for future numbers of the work. It is printed in faultless style, and is every way worthy of a generous support. John R. Humphrey & Co., Publishers, 11 Cooper's Buildings, Albany. Terms \$1 per annum.

VITUE'S FAMILY BIBLE.—Number's 53 and 54 of this elegantly printed edition of the Bible, with Notes by Fletcher, have been received. The engravings are very superb. One is a view of Mt. Sinai, and the other of the *Hand Writing on the Wall*. It is published at 26 John st.

A FIRST BOOK IN SPANISH.—This is a practical introduction to the study of the Spanish Language, and contains full illustrations in pronunciation, grammar, exercises on the Ollendorf method of constant imitation and repetition, reading lessons and a vocabulary. It is from the pen of Joseph Salkeld, A. M., and from the press of Harper & Brothers, N. Y.

REMOVALS.

Br. S. S. Fletcher, of Bridgeport, Conn., has accepted an invitation to settle in Portsmouth, N. H. This is one of our oldest and best societies. Among its ministers have been George Richards, Hosea Ballou, Sebastian Streeter, Edward Turner, Thomas F. King, Moses Ballou, and G. W. Montgomery. The Society have ever been strong and united; and the ministry there has never been disgraced by the folly or sin of those who have labored among them. May success attend the labors of Br. Fletcher.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Charles L. Shipman is informed that it will cost nearly a dollar to send by mail what he desires. Can he not get someone to call for him at our office?

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

OH, TOUCH THY HARP.

(BY MISS A. A. MORTON.)

Oh, touch thy quivering Harp again,
And tune some wild, bewitching strain,
That through my spirit's depths shall thrill,
Yet not my wandering fancy still;
But bid it, like some dazzling star,
Soar up—away to realms afar.

Too long my soul has stayed its flight,
From Fancy's magic realms of light;
Then give me not a gentle note
Like those that sound where zephyrs float,
For though they oft to me are dear,
They now would fail to charm mine ear.

But wild and thrilling let it sound,
Until my pulses quicker bound,
And swift as comets, in their way,
My thoughts flow on beneath its sway,
And leave this earth far, far behind.
In other worlds their themes to find.

Then touch thy quivering Harp again,
And tune some wild, bewitching strain,
E'en like the one that yon bright star
Sings ever in the sky afar,
Mysterious, sublime and grand,
An echo from the heavenly land.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been to our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment by which they might obtain a livelihood, in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitifully contemptible it is to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober.—We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor. We shall work, and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left this stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpet and furniture were sold, and she who had been so long the mistress of the mansion, shed no tear. "Pay every debt," said she, "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and

tonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been, in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also instructed the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they platted straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a beehive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children, and we love each other a great deal better here. "You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart likes to feed on."

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed, nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructor to the family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine covered porch on a summers evening, than he had been in his showy dressing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So, father, please not be a rich man any more."

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, on foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether an American or Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way; and Talleyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince, and Prime Minister—ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous, even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was a fugitive and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind and feeling offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English—

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or home. You are an American! Give me then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner. The scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France.

You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber his head still downcast, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning—

"I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say—I have not a friend not one in all America!"

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next room. "Your name!"

"My name"—with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"My name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank in a chair, gasping the words—"Arnold the traitor."

Thus you see he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with a wanderer's mark upon his brow. Even in that secluded room at that Ion of Havre, his crimes found him out, and forced him to tell his name—that name the synonyme of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not distinctly known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless—that his cold brow was not moistened by one farewell tear—that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering John Andre! in his ears, and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever: "True to your country; what might you have been, O Arnold the Traitor?"

THE GENTLEMAN.

Extract from Bishop Doane's address at Burlington College:

"When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you have first made a man. To be a gentleman, it is not sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman, does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog in England was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labor. A gentleman is just a gentleman; no more, no less; a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is always modest, courteous, generous, slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it; slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it; armed, only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites, refines his taste, subdues his feelings, controls his speech, deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much of a gentleman—mirror, though he was, of England's Knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cool spring water that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier."

"Saint Paul describes a gentleman, when he exhorted the Philippians: 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the calling of a gentleman, pointedly says; 'He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men therunto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works before a profane world.'"

MONUMENT TO J. Q. ADAMS.—In Congress on Tuesday of last week, Mr. King, from the Library Committee of the House, reported a joint resolution in favour of authorizing that a Committee to erect a granite monument to the memory of the late Hon. John Q. Adams in the Congressional burying ground.

SOURCE OF NEW ENGLAND GLORY.—Hon. Horace Mann, Superintendent of Common Schools in Massachusetts, recently stated, that for the last ten years, the average expenditures of the city of Boston, for education, were equal to the whole amount expended by the English Government for the education of seventy millions of people!

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

THE DYING ONE'S REQUEST.

Speak to me once more! Let me hear
The voice I love, breathing pure words
Of gentlest melody, to cheer
My spirit when death's voice be heard,
Bidding me away from these scenes of bliss,
Still my pulses with his freezing kiss.

Speak to me once more! Let me die
While listening to the tones which have
Ever wakened my spirits high
And tireless energies, whose love
Hath made my darkest hour nought but a smile
Of purest joy, sustained by truth the while.

Speak to me now, and let me know
Thy love hath power to charm, when seem
Vain things of earth, still vainer now,
More listless than an idle dream;
For if our love be dream my dying hour
Would unnerve the magic charmer's power.

Speak! I would know before I leave
Thee, if I must in death resign
The tireless hope, that I may weave
Thee in all threads which e'er be mine—
But, no; so dark a tale death cannot tell!
His potent arm's too neverless for the spell!
—*New Covenant.*

Original.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH.

LONDON, June 23d, 1848.

MY DEAR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS :

The time having nearly arrived for your annual Excursion, I thought, in anticipation of an event which is always hailed with so much pleasure by all who feel an interest in the prosperity of our school, I would give you a little address for the occasion. I cannot be with you in body, but my affection, my anxiety and my prayers will be with you not only in the festivities of that day, but for your present and future welfare, personally, and as a school. Not a Sunday morn has passed since I left you that my mind has not wandered back far over the great ocean of waters with greater fleetness than the Magnetic Telegraph could carry it, and I have been among you, going from seat to seat, from class to class, from teacher to scholar, to see every one of you present, and to inquire for those who are absent, whether they are sick, out of town, or what can be the cause why they are not in their places. Oh, it has been delightful to me to think, on such mornings, that you were all where you should be, quiet, pleased and happy, singing your hymns, reading your service, reciting your lessons, listening to your excellent superintendant or in a subdued tone conversing with each other on subjects appropriate to the Sunday School; and perhaps, thinking of me, your pastor, whose heart has ever been alive to your prosperity and who has tried to deserve something of your love and confidence worthy to be remembered by you, when absent. I can assure you, my dear young friends, that nothing would pain me more than to feel assured I was forgotten by you. And so, nothing gives me a truer comfort than to feel that I am occasionally remembered by those whom I have loved and left behind me, to wander, for a time, in a foreign land away from home, away from the field of my labors and cares, away from you, from your Sunday School and your songs and smiles. But I am not excluded from the privilege of thinking of you, of praying for you to that great and good Father who is with me here as he is with you at home and who, I trust, will, in

his kind Providence, permit me to return safe to enjoy the happiness of meeting with you in our "loved Sunday School." I fondly anticipate such an hour—it will be among the happiest of my life—when I shall again enter the doors of your school room and our church, and look upon those familiar faces which, I can almost see now, welcoming me back again from my wanderings and my perils.

Since I have been absent from you, I have seen many things new and interesting to me about which I have told you something in the Messenger. But I have seen many things I have not alluded to in this way, some of which I will now talk to you about, reserving much to tell you when I return. I have seen several Sunday Schools, some in Ireland, some in Scotland, and some in England. But I have not seen one as large as well arranged, as well provided as yours—not one whose advantages begun to compare with yours. In some I have seen the principal object is to teach the children how to *spell* words and sentences, for where I have been, there are many children, and young people and even old folks who cannot read a book, not even the Bible, nor write their own names. Not one of them has such a library as you have, and generally they have no library at all. The people generally do not have books as we have in our country. They cost much more, and the common people have not money to purchase them—many of them can hardly get enough to eat and wear. I have seen hundreds and hundreds of poor children, all ragged, and dirty, who never go to a Sunday School, nor to a church, nor an excursion of pleasure. Oh, could you see them, how they live and suffer, and then compare your condition with theirs, you would feel thankful to God that he has given you such good parents and friends, so good a country, and so many privileges to become wise, and good and happy. You would no longer complain as some of you do occasionally, I fear; nor would you lose your opportunities of improvement by neglecting the S. School and the church. You would see how much of your happiness and success in life depends upon your faithfulness to the privileges given you, and you would try, with the help of God to act worthy of them.

I was, last Sunday in the Church where Robert Raikes, the founder of the first Sunday School, is buried. A very neat monument placed against the wall of the south aisle of the old Cathedral Church at Gloucester, tells where was buried Rev. Thomas Stoch, who co-operated with Mr. Raikes in the establishment of a Sunday School for the education of such children as were not educated in other places. Mr. Raikes was a layman, and the part which he took in the commencement of an enterprise which has become so vast and powerful for good, shows what may be accomplished by patient perseverance in well-doing, by those whose mode of life does not necessarily lead them to devote much attention to subjects of such a nature. To the clergy belongs not all the work of teaching and improving the young. And it is an interesting reflection in connexion with S. Schools, that their originator was *not* a preacher, but that a preacher very cordially entered into his projects and materially aided him in their prosecution. But, like many other things, the benefits of his labors are, apparently no better appreciated at home than abroad for I could scarcely find a person who had any knowledge of Robert Raikes. And, besides, Sunday Schools in Gloucester appear to be in no better condition than in other places. It is an important consideration that a good man's works do not die with him, but live and, sometimes, flourish more, and receive truer honor, when he has gone to his rest. You are living, you should always feel, not merely for *to-day*, to indulge in what is transitory, but for the future, for riper age, for other generations, for eternity. The sports and pleasures of *to-day*, will be doubly valuable if they are such that *to-mor-*

and for many days and weeks to come, you can look back upon them without regret, nay, sincerely approve what you are now doing. It is a comforting reflection, which you can all understand, when not only your own hearts are satisfied with what you have done, but when you feel assured that others shall "rise up and call you blessed."

But I fear I shall take up too much of your time—that I shall weary you with my talk. You came out to the grove not to hear sermons, but to have innocent sports, hearty recreation. You only keep yourselves innocent, do not suffer your tempers to get ruffled, speak not bad words, and do no naughty things. You will have a most happy time of it. And as I have always told you, I love to see children happy, to hear them laugh and sing, to see them jump and run, and dance; but all this is its proper time and place; not in the school-room; for that is the place to be sober, to worship God and hear his truth.—

In the grove, on your excursion, in your little social visits and parties, these are the places for frolic and fun. I can almost fancy I see you full of life and merriment, skipping about as innocently as the lambs I saw on the heather hills of Scotland. Careful children, you do not do any thing, nor say any thing which will make another feel unhappy. It is wrong for you to destroy another's pleasure—you have no right to dash away another's cup of bliss. It would be cruel in you to do

But you may try and do all you can to make others happy, for in so doing you greatly enhance your own enjoyment.

Finally, Dear Young Friends, good bye, go to your plays, merry as crickets. I shall be most happy to know you have had a good and joyful excursion; that you are all punctual and faithful to the Sunday Schools, and that in all your studies and amusements as you are not forgotten by, so you will not forget,

Your affectionate friend and Pastor.

WM. S. BALCH.

THE HORNET'S NEST ON THE BARN.

My uncle was reading a paragraph in the newspaper, the other day, to this effect: that a certain man found a large hornet's nest under the eaves of his barn, and determined to destroy it. So he took some matches, tied them to a pole, and with them set fire to the nest, and totally destroyed it. Unfortunately, however, the barn was also burned, together with a thousand bushels of oats, and a large quantity of rye, hay, and other valuable stores. The loss was estimated at from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars, and there was no insurance on the property.

"Well, well," said my uncle, "Mr. Simmons was a fool! Nothing new, however, for I've known the same thing done hundreds of times."

"What! burn down a house to get rid of a hornet's nest?"

"To be sure, my boy. What is a man doing when he drinks rum to cure disease?"

"Why, uncle, it may save his life."

"It may save it for a while, but it is apt to destroy it after a while. Look at your neighbor, Mr. Gruntly; he has been for years trying to burn out a pain in the breast, by firing his stomach with brandy, and the eaves of his house are on fire now."

"That's true, uncle; but then Mr. Gruntly has a weakness, which he drinks brandy."

"Exactly, so has every man that drinks, a weakness. The weakness is sometimes very great. There's Mr. Carbuncles; he has been dosing for dyspepsia—burning out the hornet, with rum, till the front of his house is in a blaze. Mr. Carbuncles's whole concern will soon be in ashes. I tell you, lad, many a fellow that stands high in life, is as big a fool as Simmons. It's all dead loss, too—no insurance—not a thing. Mind what I say, Peter—never do you make such a fool of yourself, as to set fire to your house for the sake of burning out a hornet's nest."—Selected.

A MONKEY'S FUN.

A monkey tied to a stake was robbed by the crows, in the West Indies, of his food, and he conceived the following plan of punishing the thieves. He feigned death, and lay perfectly motionless on the ground near to his stake. The birds approached by degrees, and got near enough to steal his food, which he allowed them to do. This he repeated several times, till they became so bold as to come within the reach of his claws. He calculated his distance, and laid hold of one of them. Death was not his plan of punishment. He was more refined in his cruelty. He plucked every feather out of the bird, and then let him go and show himself to his companions. He made a man of him according to the ancient definition of a "biped without feathers."—Selected.

BE TRUE TO YOURSELF.

The history of the world, as the biography of those who have played a prominent part in its concerns, is worthy of everlasting remembrance. It assures us that it matters but little what form of danger may assail a man, if he be true to himself.

Poverty may lay its chilly hand upon him, and freeze up the brightest fountain of his hope,—disappointments may strike him at every step,—affliction may strike down those who are dearest to his heart,—the foul breath of slander may attempt to sully his name, and tarnish his reputation,—still let him be true to himself—let him maintain a stout heart and clear breast,—and he will eventually out-ride the storm. Let those who are struggling with "low birth and iron fortune," remember this truth,—and let them remember that no man can be destroyed by others, without fault and weakness in himself.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

It was a most judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife on being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving their time, and be fitted to become like her, wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society."

Equally just, but bitterly painful was the remark of the unhappy husband of a vain, thoughtless, dressy slattern, "It is hard to say it, but if my girls are to have any chance of growing up good for any thing, they must be out of the way of their mother's example."

Secular Department.

FOREIGN NEWS—ARRIVAL OF THE NIAGARA.

The Steamship Niagara arrived at Boston, at 7 o'clock, A. M., on Wednesday morning of last week.

The news brought by her was of the most exciting nature. One of the bloodiest dramas the world ever witnessed, one of the most ferocious and obstinate insurrections which the ensanguined history of France has had to record from her earliest annals, has just been brought to a close in the streets of Paris, by the absolute annihilation of the revolted party, and the triumphant success of Republican arms. After four days and nights of incessant fighting, the insurgents were utterly vanquished. The loss on both sides, of killed and wounded, is estimated as high as *thirty-five thousand*!

In Ireland, there is little excitement compared with what has prevailed for the few past weeks. Among Repealers the great topic of conversation is the proposed "Irish League." Mr. John O'Connell has backed out against the contemplated union, and, it is said, will retire into private life. Meantime the confederates are loud in their boasts against the Government. A serious riot had occurred in Donnegal county, which lasted for three hours. It is supposed to have been pre-concerted by Mr. Meagher and his friends. No lives were lost, however, but several were wounded severely, and a physician was nearly killed, who was coming to their assistance.

The news from other parts of the continent contains nothing of great importance, beyond what has been received by previous arrivals.

CONNECTICUT AGAINST TELEGRAPHS.—It is said that the Connecticut Legislature, at its last session, repealed all laws extending protection to telegraphic lines within the limits of the state. The wires and posts are therefore at the mercy of municipal authorities and private individuals.

MITCHEL AT BERMUDA.—The *Boston Traveller* of Friday evening has a more particular account of the arrival out of Mr. Mitchel, which was briefly noticed in *The Tribune* of Saturday. Mr. Mitchel has been consigned to the convict-ship *St. George*—not the Dromedary, as was erroneously stated.

A correspondent of the *St. John's Morning News* furnishes the following data relative to the Island of Bermuda:

"About 1000 soldiers are garrisoned at three or four points on the Island. There are usually about 1400 convicts incarcerated in four hulks—three at the Dock Yard, and the other, the Thames, on board which Mitchell had been placed at St. Georges. These men are subject to the most degrading and laborious employments, their usual occupation being building forts, drawing loads of stone like cart horses, under an intensely burning sun, with no vestige of a shrub for protection; other gangs are employed at work for many hours in the water, cleaning out channels in diving bells, which soon puts a period to their miserable existence."

THE GALLANT DEAD.—Quite a solemn and imposing display was made by our military on Wednesday of last week on the occasion of the funeral obsequies performed over the remains of several officers of the New York Regiment who fell in Mexico. The oration of John Van Buren, Esq. delivered in the Park to an immense audience, was a powerful and impressive effort.

WRECK.—The Steamboat Cricket, Capt. Peck, plying between this city and Red Bank, ran aground on the bar at Shrewsbury Inlet, on Tuesday last, and will no doubt be entirely lost, with the exception of her furniture, which has been landed on the beach. The bar had increased in size during the gale, and the breakers were so high, that the danger could not be foreseen. The Steamboat *Edwin Lewis* attempted to relieve the Cricket, by attaching a hawser, but it immediately parted. At the last accounts the wreck was imbedded in the sand, with but little hope of being restored.

SINGULAR AND PAINFUL DEATH.—Mrs. Bass, aged 35, died last week at Quincy, from lock-jaw, caused by injury received a fortnight previous from a piece of rock which struck her while putting clothes upon a line in front of the house. The rock weighed 23 lbs. and was thrown a distance of more than a half a mile, in an explosion of the granite quarry. Mrs. B. was struck upon the thigh, and with such force as to sever the flesh from the bone downwards to the ankle, and thence the rock was planted several inches into the ground. A young child was by her side, who escaped without injury, although the mother was by the blow thrown helplessly upon the ground. She lingered in terrible agony a fortnight, when death happily relieved her of suffering. Her burial was attended from the Adams Temple, at Quincy, on Sunday last, by her afflicted family and a most numerous concourse of the citizens of Quincy.

MRS. RESTELL.—This notorious practitioner has at last, as we are informed, been transferred to Blackwell's Island, to undergo her year's imprisonment.

Meanwhile the poor girl, whose health has been forever destroyed by Restell's practice, still lingers out a wretched existence in this city, prostrated by bodily infirmity, ruined in reputation, and neglected by every one, save those in whose immediate charge she has been placed.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE LADY.—A letter received in this city yesterday announces the decease of a distinguished matron, a relic of the era of the Revolution, in the person of Mrs. Julia Rush, widow of the distinguished Dr. Benjamin Rush, and mother of Hon. Richard Rush, now Minister of the United States to France. She died on Friday night the 7th inst. in the ninetyeth year of her age, at Sydenham, near Philadelphia the residence of her son.—*National Intelligencer*.

BEES.—Give salt to bees by laying it on the corner of the board in front of the hive. They need it as much as cattle or other animals; and when not supplied, they are often seen in the mud around the door.—*Boston Cultivator*.

Congress has just passed, by a unanimous vote in each house, a bill so amending our naturalization laws that any immigrant who has had a residence for five years in this country, and over two years past declared his purpose to become a citizen, shall henceforth be entitled to naturalization although he may meantime have been once or many times out of the country.

Captain Judkins, of the steamship *America*, on leaving Liverpool for the United States, on the 15th of April, ordered his dinner to be ready at his hotel, on his return from America, at six o'clock on the 22d ult., and was there within five minutes of the time. In like manner, we understand, he has ordered his dinner to be ready on his next return, on Saturday the 8th of July.

MURRY ST. SABBATH SCHOOL EXCURSION.

The annual excursion of this School will take place on Tuesday, July 25th. The Steam Boat *Eureka*, has been chartered for the occasion, and will proceed to Glen Cove. Tickets to be had of the Trustees and Sexton of the Church, and at 140 Fulton St., Ambassador Office.

Dinner may be obtained at the Pavilion Hotel for all who desire it.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. H. Lyon will preach in Blauveltville, in the morning and afternoon, and in Piermont in the evening of next Sunday.

Br. S. M. Smith will preach in Southold, on Sunday, the 23d instant.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in the Academy at Woodbridge, N. J., the 5th Sunday in July at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Br. Gallager expects to preach in the School House in Jefferson Village, on Sunday, the 23d instant, morning and afternoon. Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Newark the same day.

MARRIED.

In Troy, Sabbath morning, July 2d, by Rev. E. Winchester Reynolds, Mr. WILLIAM H. HAZARD and Miss MARY M. SHATTOCK.

DIED.

In This City on the 4th inst., Miss LAURA, daughter of M. E. Giller, aged 7 years.

The above was an interesting child, belonging to the infant class of the Bleeker St. Sabbath School. She met her death on the anniversary day of Independence, by a melancholy accident that deprived her of life almost instantly. In this bereavement the parents and relatives have sustained a very sudden and grievous affliction, and need, not only the kind sympathies of friends, but the precious hopes and consolations of the gospel. May the comforting words of Jesus bring peace to their troubled spirits and bind up their wounded hearts. A discourse appropriate to the occasion was delivered by the writer, in the Bleeker St. Church last Sabbath evening.

On Friday evening, June 23d of consumption, at the residence of his Mother, Mary Gerard, JOHN J. GERARD, in the 37th year of his age, eldest son of the late William Gerard.

In the flower of life he was taken, leaving an affectionate wife and infant son, to mourn their early bereavement, but with the sweet hope and consolation of our impartial faith. He bore his illness with the most patient resignation to the Divine will—he had been for some years a firm and consistent believer in the salvation and reconciliation of the world, which bright and beautiful hope never permitted a cloud to darken his pathway through his short and severe sickness. Just before he died he said, "Mother there is Janey beckoning to me, O! look! She is at the window. Oh! how beautiful she looks," alluding to a dear sister, who died three years since, and who like himself had renounced the narrow creed of Partialism.